



**MONSTER
HUNTERS**

NO. 14

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SPECIAL ISSUE

MONSTER HUNTERS



00124



**ALL
Ditko
ART**

GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN

JOHN GRAINEY, FARMER, SAID HE FOUND IT WHILE DIGGING FOR A WELL. A BODY OF A GIANT!

HELLO, STATE UNIVERSITY? SEND ONE OF YOUR ARCHAEOLOGISTS OUT TO MY FARM! I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GET HERE.



TWO ARCHAEOLOGISTS DID COME OUT TO VIEW THE FIND.

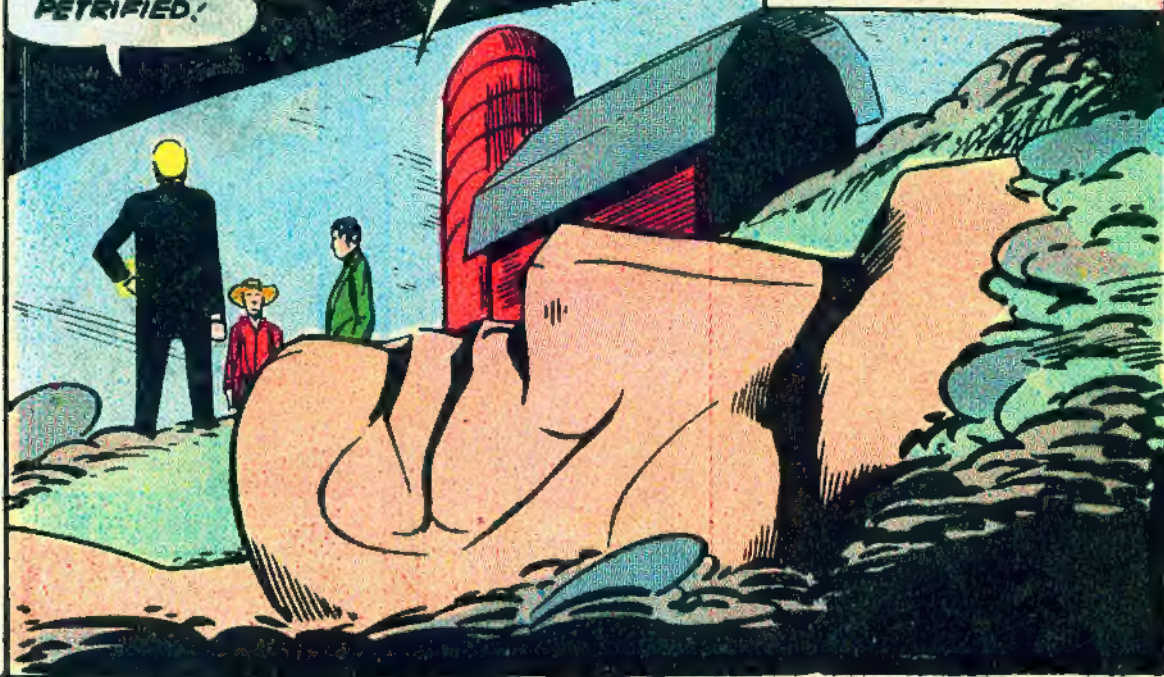
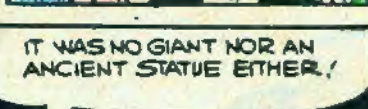
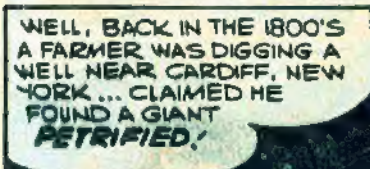
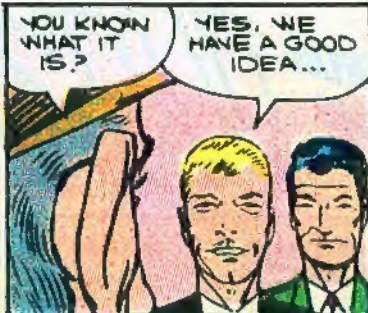
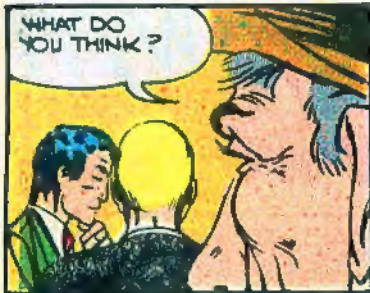
THAT'S HOW I FOUND IT WHILE DIGGING A WELL. WHAT IS IT?

HHMM



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I TELL YOU, CLAY,
WE MADE A
MONKEY OUT OF
THAT FARMER.

TRYING TO PULL A CAR-
DIFF 'GIANT' HOAX ON
US. HA, HA, IT LOOKED
LIKE A CRUDE PLASTER-
OF-PARIS STATUE.



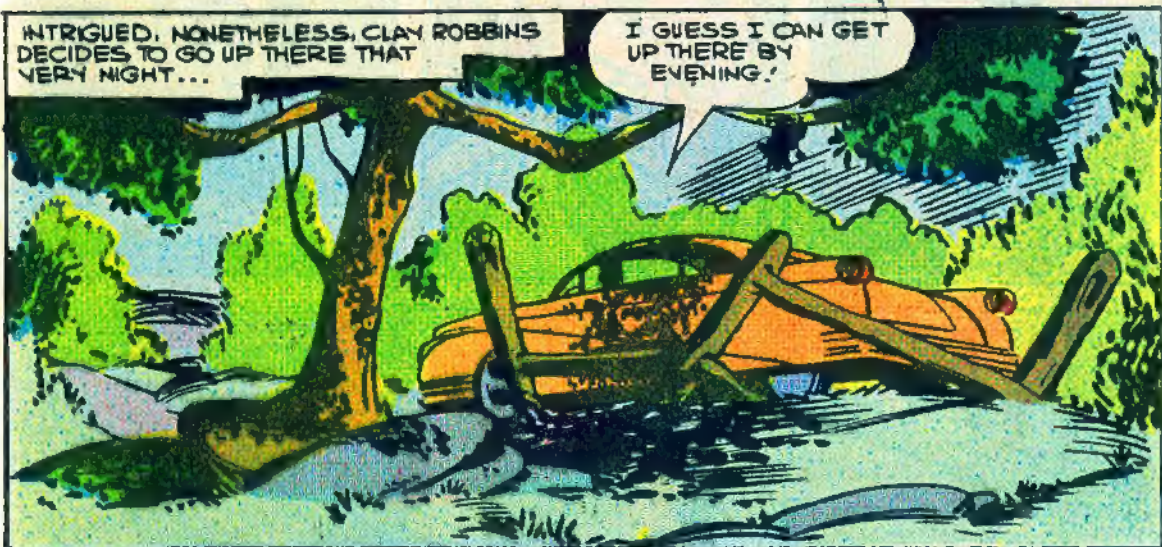
WELL, I HAVE TOMORROW
OFF. I MIGHT TAKE A
RUN UP THERE AND
LOOK AT IT.

DON'T LET HIM
FLIM-FLAM YOU!
HE'S TRYING TO
PULL A RT. BAR-
NUM ON YOU.



INTRIGUED, NONETHELESS, CLAY ROBBINS
DECIDES TO GO UP THERE THAT
VERY NIGHT...

I GUESS I CAN GET
UP THERE BY
EVENING.



HERE WE
ARE!



I'M DR. CLAY ROBBINS
FROM STATE UNIVER-
SITY AND...



GO AWAY! IF YOU SMART-
ALECK, UNIVERSITY CHAPS
COME HERE TO SNEER,
I'VE NO TIME FOR YOU.



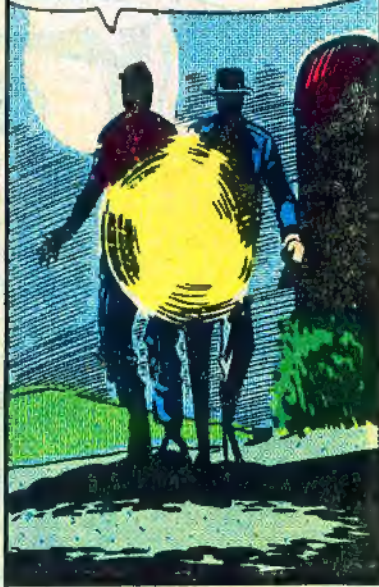
BELIEVE ME, MR GRAINEY.
I COME IN ALL SERIOUS
NESS... I'M AN ANTHRO-
POLOGIST AND A SCHOLAR
ON RACIAL TYPES... I'D LIKE
TO SEE WHAT YOU FOUND.



ALL RIGHT I'LL GET
MY FLASHLIGHT.



THOSE OTHER MEN THINK
I'M UP TO A HOAX. I TELL
YOU I HAVE NOTHING IN
MIND SO LOW.



THERE'S THE
PLACE.



HE'S GONE! HE'S
GONE!

BUT HOW COULD
IT BE? DID SOMEONE
TAKE IT OR



YOU'RE THINKING DID I MOVE IT SO NO
ONE ELSE WILL SEE MY 'HOAX'?

NO SIR



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

I'D LIKE TO DIG A BIT AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE.'

I'LL HOLD THE FLASH-LIGHT! I'M TOO NERVOUS TO DIG THERE NOW.'



I'M UNCOVERING SOMETHING! LOOK!

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT? SOME SORT OF COFFIN EDGE?



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME INTRICATE ELECTRONIC MATERIAL ... LIKE TRANSISTORS OR SOMETHING.'



AND THOUGH THE INTRICATE WORK HAD JUST BEEN EXPOSED BY CLAY'S SHOVEL, THE DESIGNS DISAPPEARED AS IF VAPORIZED ...

IT - IT'S DIS-APPEARING!



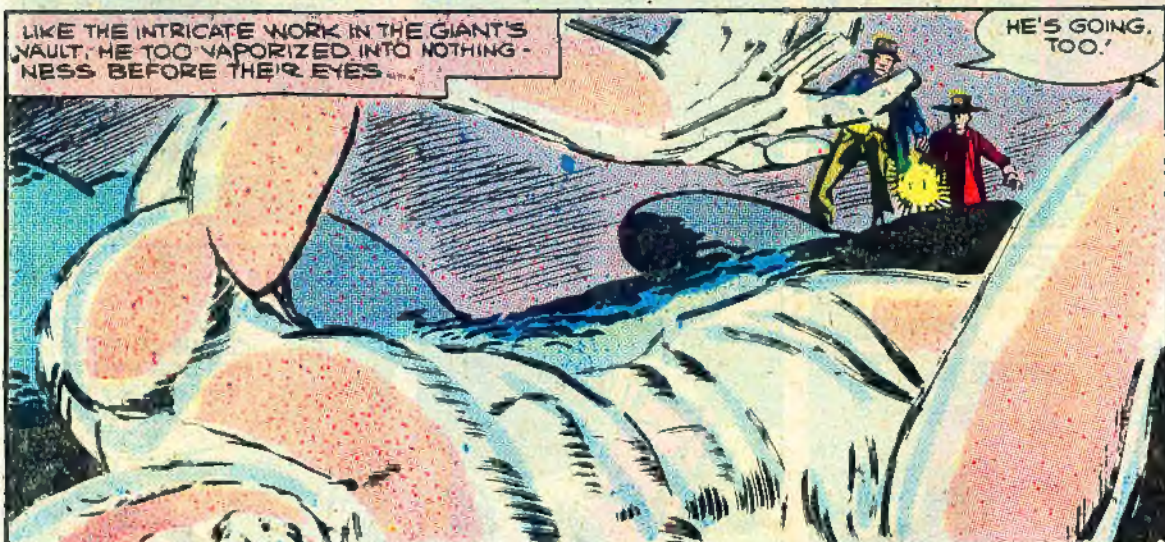
BUT ... WHERE'S THE GIANT?

GOOD HEAVENS! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

I CAN MANAGE ONLY A WILD GUESS ... I BELIEVE YOUR GIANT WAS IN SOME SCIENTIFIC VAULT FROM ANOTHER AGE, PERHAPS IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, BUT WHEN EXPOSED TO THE AIR HE AWOKE BUT THE MACHINERY WAS DISSOLVED FROM SOME CORROSIVE EFFECT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.'







The THING

FROM BELOW

AT LAST IT WAS STIRRING! FOR CENTURIES THE THING HAD SLEPT, AN ENORMOUS MOTIONLESS RELIC OF ANCIENT TIMES, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A HORRENDOUS SPECIES! BUT AT LAST IT WAS STIRRING...

WHAT HAD AWAKENED IT? WHAT WAS NOW CAUSING ITS NOSTRILS TO FLARE IN EAGER FRENZY AS IT KEPT SINUOUSLY RISING THROUGH THE MURKY WATER...



...CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OCEAN'S SURFACE...



S. Ditko

MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE...

I DON'T CARE HOW MANY COLLEGES YOU WENT TO, PROFESSOR, THAT MONSTER BAIT WILL NEVER WORK!

BUT IT MUST, THAT ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT WITH THE SECRET FORMULA WAS AUTHENTIC, IT TOLD PLAINLY HOW AGAIN AND AGAIN WHEN ORDINARY BAIT WAS IMPREGNATED WITH THE SECRET FORMULA...



...THE ANCIENT SAILORS ALWAYS WURED SEA MONSTERS UP FROM THE DEPTHS!

HAPP! AND HOW MANY YEARS HAVE YOU DRAGGED THAT BAIT THROUGH ONE OCEAN AFTER ANOTHER WITHOUT A NIBBLE? MAYBE IT WORKED ONCE... BUT NOWADAYS THERE JUST AREN'T ANY SEA MONSTERS LEFT FOR IT TO WORK ON!



WE REPEAT THE WARNING, ALL SEAGOING SHIPS WITHIN RADIO RANGE, HEAR THIS...

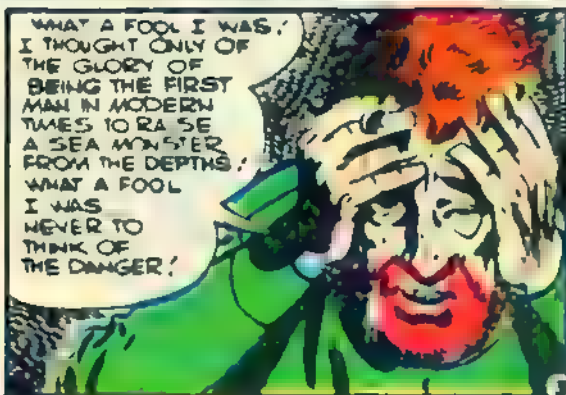
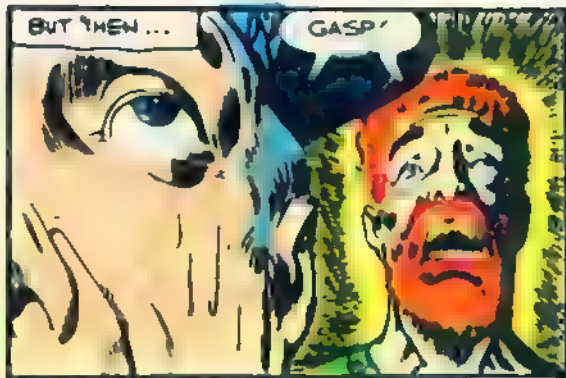
TURN THAT RADIO OFF, I HAVE ENOUGH ON MY MIND!



AND SO THEY KEPT CRUISING ALONG, TROLLING THE STRANGE BAIT AFTER THEM... AND WITH THE RADIO SILENCED, THEN...

HEY, I CAN SEE A SWIRL IN THE WATER, SOMETHING'S COMING UP FOR THE BAIT!



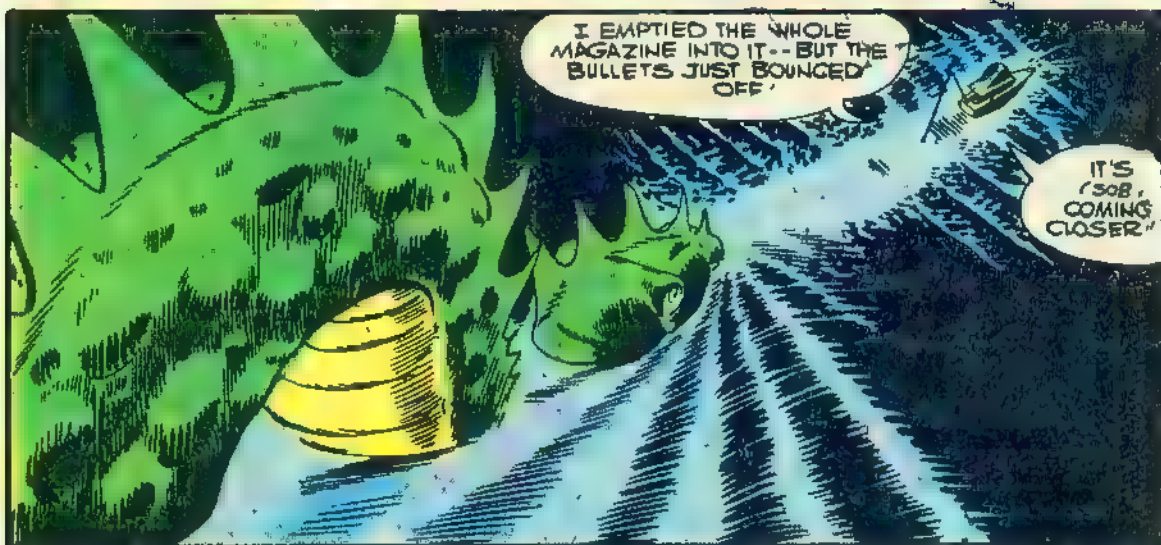




KEEP A STRAIGHT COURSE, I'VE GOT A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE ABOARD.

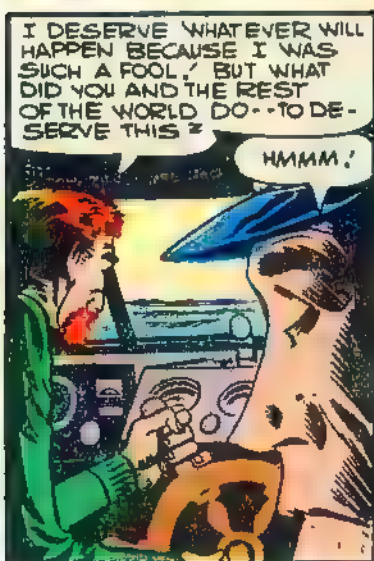


IT'S CLOSER! START SHOOTING!



I EMPTIED THE WHOLE MAGAZINE INTO IT-- BUT THE BULLETS JUST BOUNCED OFF.

IT'S '308, COMING CLOSER."



I DESERVE WHATEVER WILL HAPPEN BECAUSE I WAS SUCH A FOOL, BUT WHAT DID YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD DO-- TO DESERVE THIS?

MMMM!



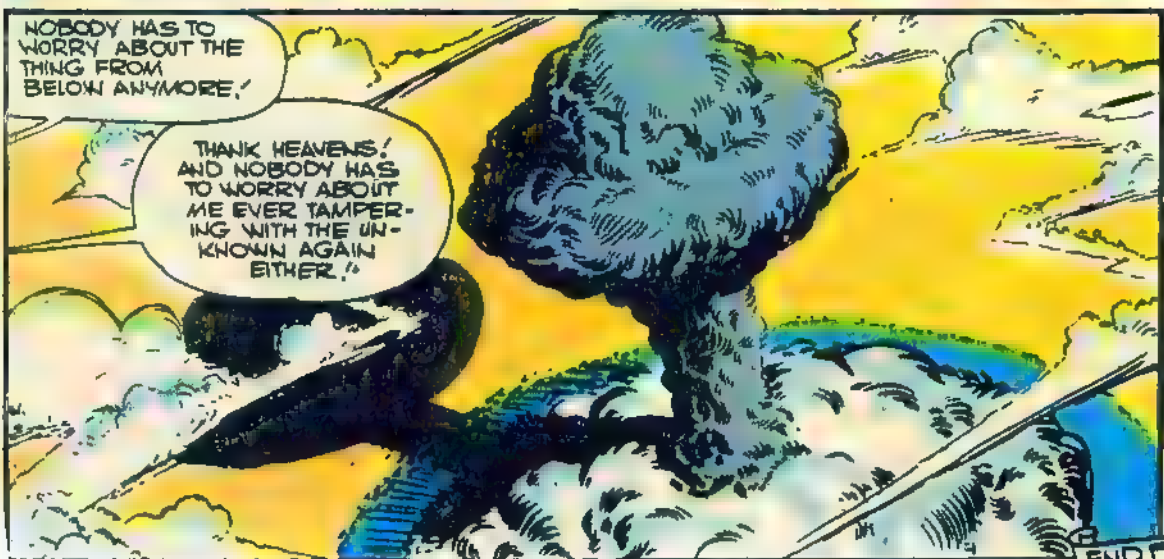
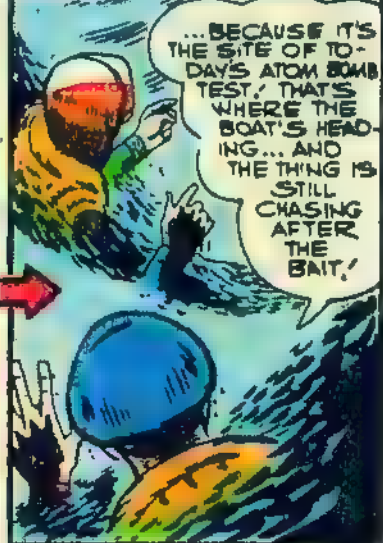
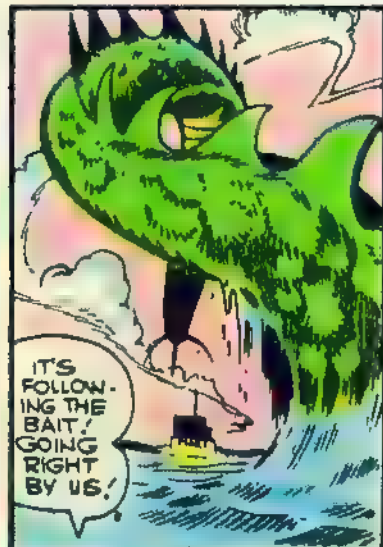
WHAT'S THIS FOR?

STRAP IT ON. NO TIME TO TALK! WE'RE JUMPING OVERBOARD!



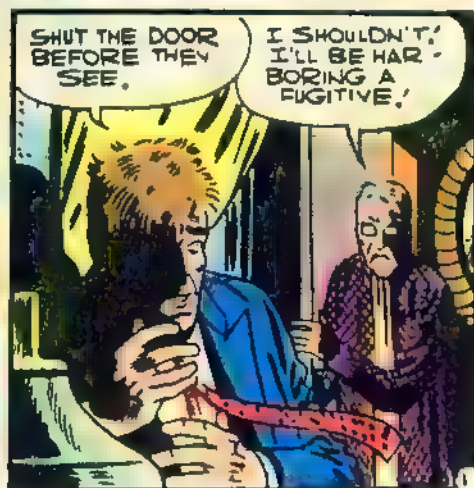
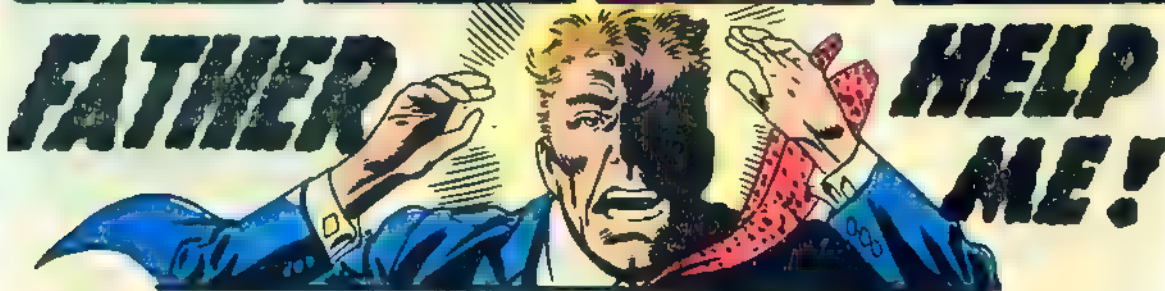
OVERBOARD? IN THE WATER... WITH THE THING?

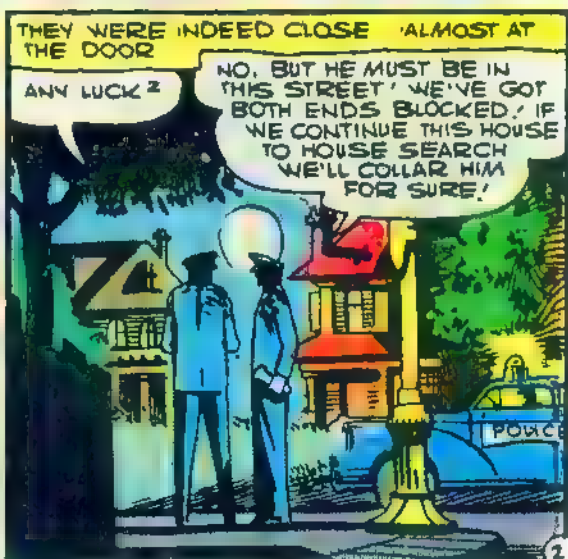
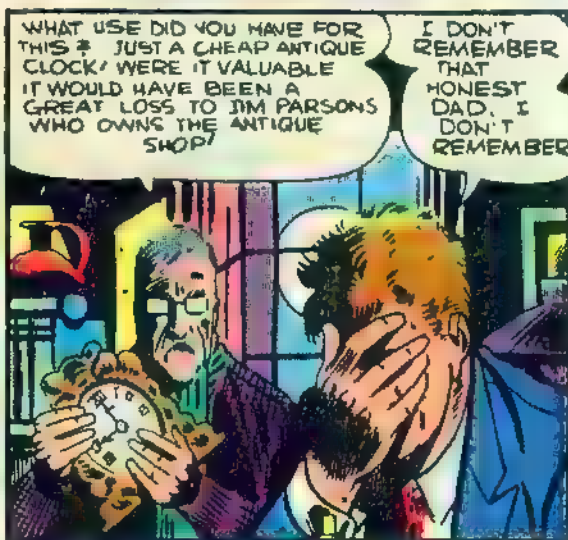
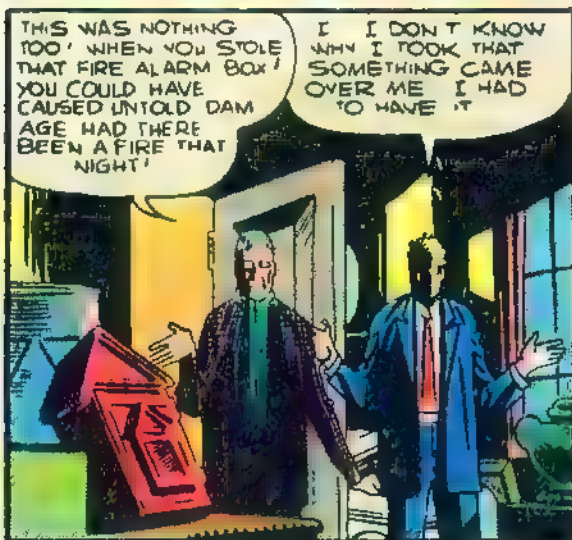
THAT'S RIGHT! AS SOON AS I SET A NEW COURSE AND LASH THE WHEEL.





WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE





...HIRAM STEELE'S BUSINESS RECORDS, WHEN YOU TOOK THEM, HE HAD TO CLOSE HIS FACTORY, AND FORTY MEN WERE THROWN OUT OF WORK. I'M TURNING ON THE LIGHTS TO SHOW YOU ALL THE SENSELESS THEFTS YOU'VE COMMITTED!

FATHER, I'M SORRY! I'M TRULY SORRY!

LOOK AT YOUR STOCKPILE OF TRASH! THINK OF ALL THE HEARTACHES AND MISERY YOU'VE CAUSED!

I'M SORRY I EVER BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD, SORRY I EVER... OH, WHAT'S THE USE... I'M RESPONSIBLE TOO! COME!

THANK YOU, FATHER, I'LL NEVER STEAL AGAIN!

ON THE ATTIC LANDING...

I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, BUT I CAN'T, NOW WHERE IS THAT PRESSURE PANEL THAT OPENS THE HIDDEN ROOM...

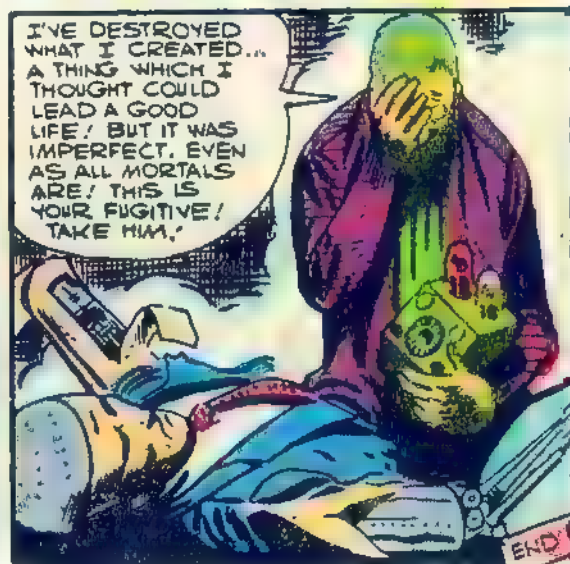
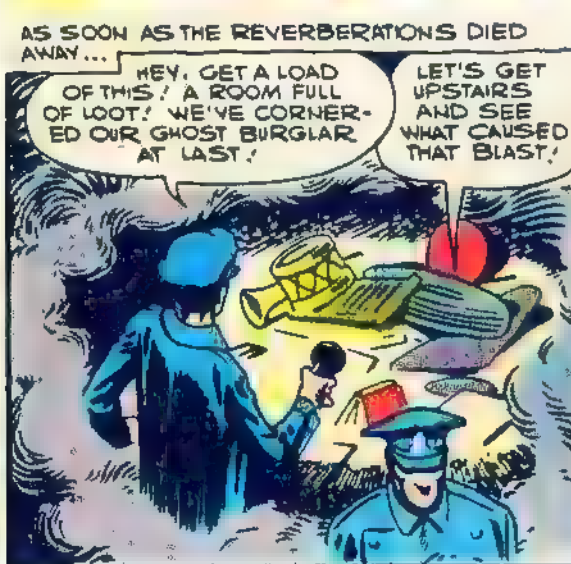
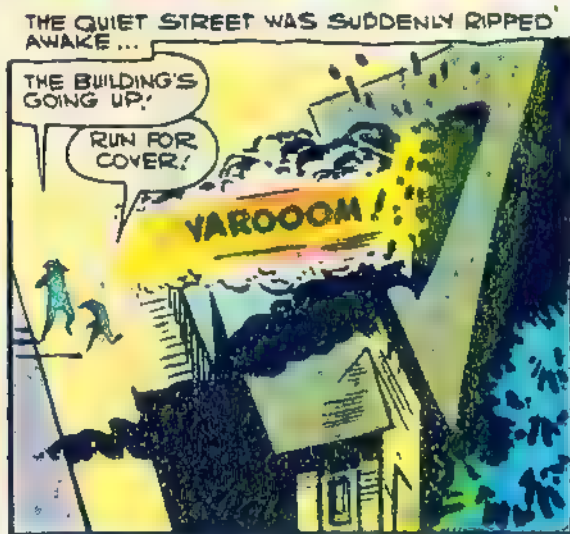
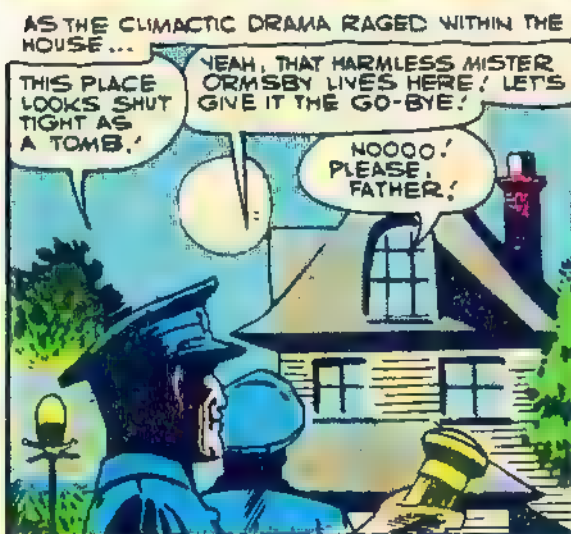
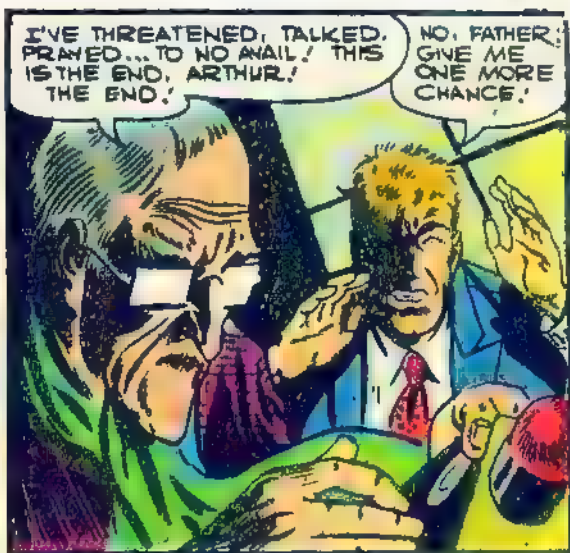
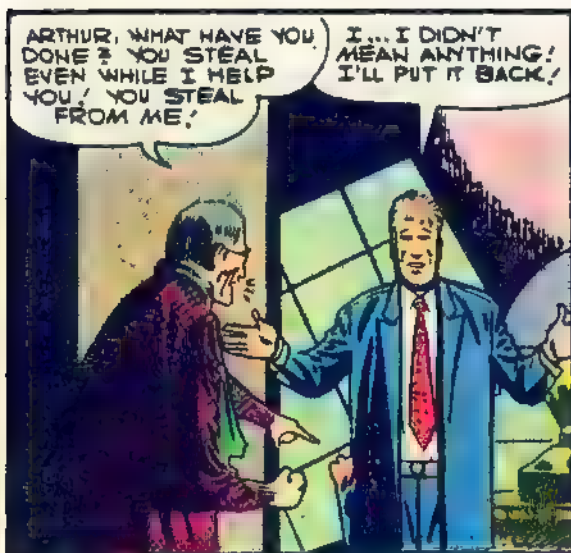
I'LL BE GOOD FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL NEVER BE TROUBLED, BELIEVE ME!

EVEN WHILE HIS SAFETY WAS BEING ASSURED...

HMMM... VERY PRETTY STATUETTE!

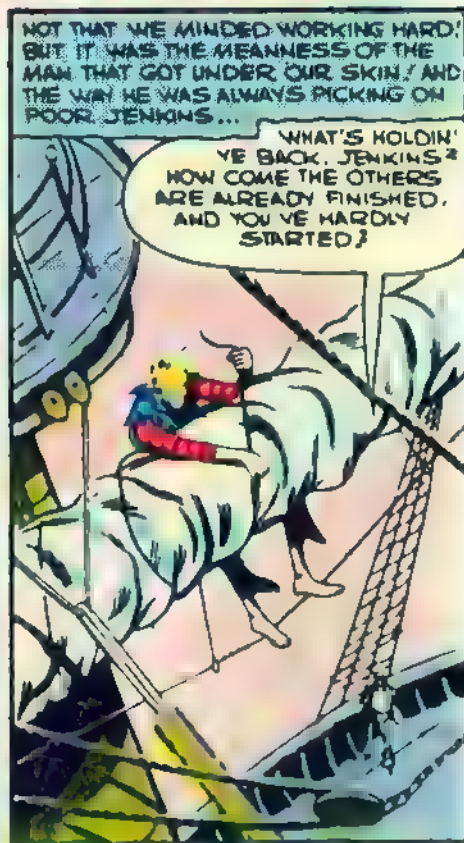
JUST WHAT I WANTED FOR A LONG TIME!

HE'LL NEVER MISS IT!

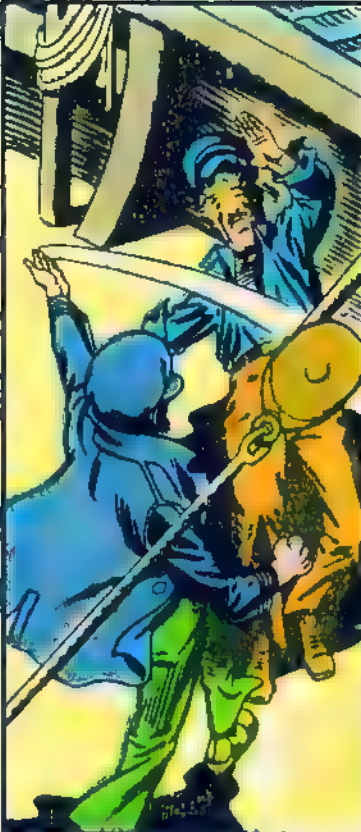


END

The **STRANGE FATE** OF **CAPTAIN FENTON**



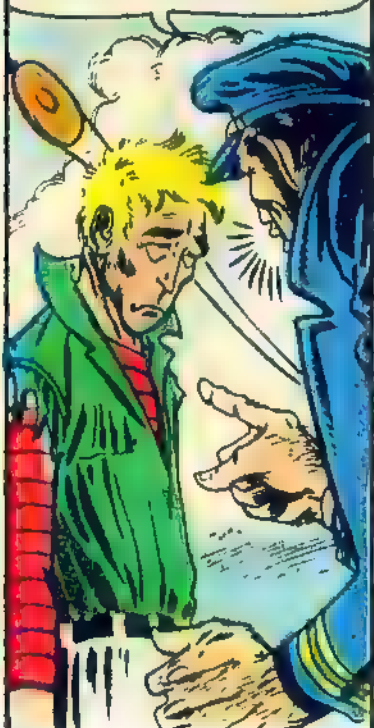
WHAT? A COMMON SEAMAN
TELLING ME HOW TO
RUN MY SHIP?



NEXT TIME YE'LL GET FAR
WORSE THAN THE BACK OF
MY HAND, JENKINS.
COME HERE.



I KNOW WHY YE'RE ALWAYS
LAST TO FINISH, JENKINS.
I KNOW... AND I'M PUTTING
AN END TO IT RIGHT NOW.

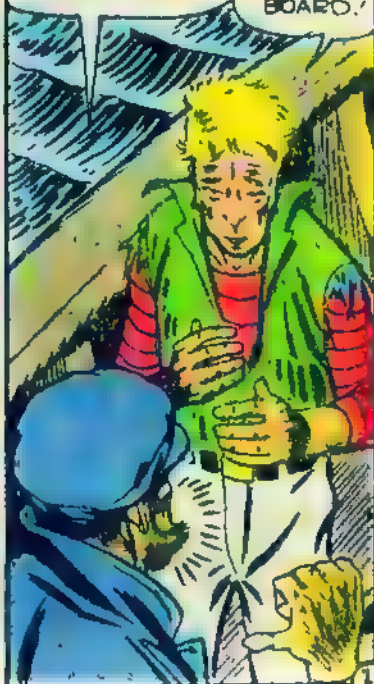


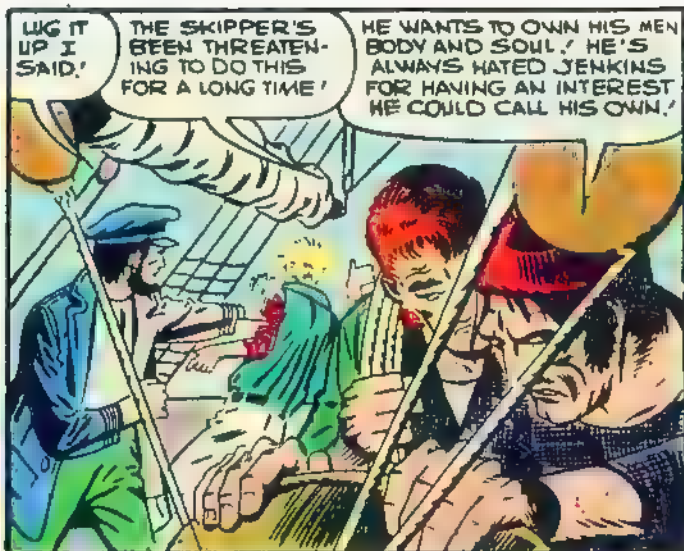
IT'S THAT CRAZY CARVING
YOU'RE ALWAYS BUSY WITH
BETWEEN WATCHES... IN-
STEAD OF RESTING. THAT'S
WHAT MAKES YE MOVE
ABOUT LIKE A SLEEP-
WALKER WHEN YE'RE
ON DUTY.



NOW HEAR THIS,
JENKINS! I WANT
YE TO LUG THAT
CARVING UP ON
DECK IN DOUBLE-
QUICK TIME.

PLEASE
SIR! PLEASE
DON'T
THROW
IT OVER-
BOARD.





LUG IT
UP I
SAID!

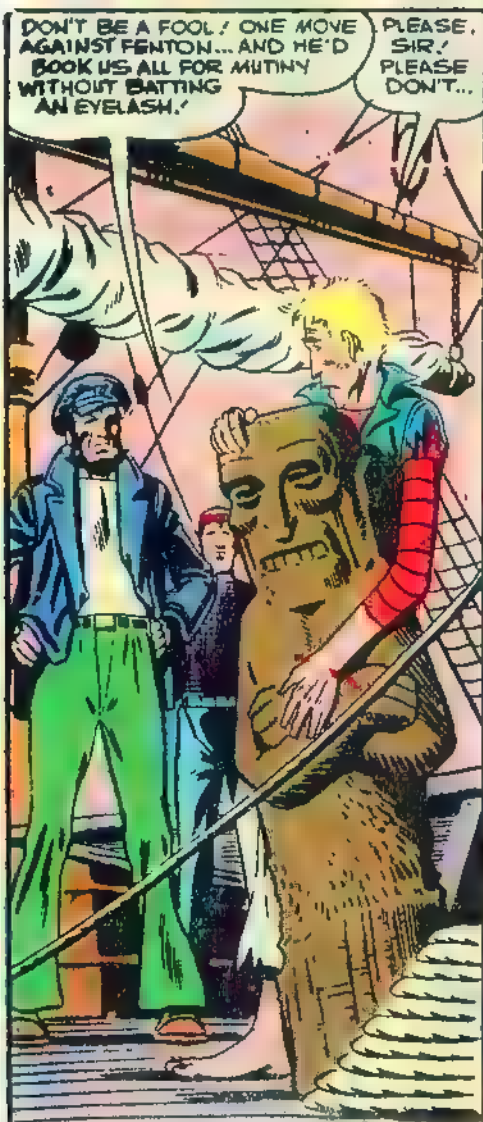
THE SKIPPER'S
BEEN THREATEN-
ING TO DO THIS
FOR A LONG TIME!

HE WANTS TO OWN HIS MEN
BODY AND SOUL! HE'S
ALWAYS HATED JENKINS
FOR HAVING AN INTEREST
HE COULD CALL HIS OWN!



THIS'LL BREAK
JENKINS' HEART!
HE'S BEEN
CARVING THAT
PIECE OF HIS
FOR FIVE
YEARS NOW!

IF WE WERE RED-
BLOODED MEN,
WE'D NEVER LET
FENTON GET AWAY
WITH IT!



DON'T BE A FOOL! ONE MOVE
AGAINST FENTON... AND HE'D
BOOK US ALL FOR MUTINY
WITHOUT BATTING
AN EYELASH!

PLEASE,
SIR!
PLEASE DON'T...



GIVE IT HERE! I'LL
PLEASE NO MAN
ABOARD THIS SHIP
BUT MYSELF!



AND THIS IS
WHAT PLEASES
ME AT THIS
MOMENT!

NO!
NO!





TAKE THAT FOOL
BELOW!



AND DON'T LET A MAN JACK OF
YOU BREATHE A WORD ABOUT
THAT USELESS PIECE OF
CARVING IN MY PRESENCE
AGAIN!

HE WAS SHIPPER! HIS WORD
WAS LAW! HOW COULD HE BE
MADE TO PAY FOR HIS NEEDLESS
CRUELTY? THERE WAS NO WAY
THAT WE COULD SEE! BUT
THEN THE SKY DARKENED..



I'D SEEN MANY A STORM IN
MY DAY, BUT THIS ONE BLEW
HARDER THAN ALL THE OTHERS
ROLLED TOGETHER



AND BEFORE LONG .
SHE'S GOING DOWN!
EVERYBODY INTO
THE LONGBOAT!

BUT THE DNOT SNAPPED..



WE WERE DEAD SURE WE WERE HEADED FOR DAVY JONES' LOCKER! BUT AFTER FLUNDERING ABOUT AWHILE...

NOT A MAN MISSING... EXCEPT CAPTAIN FENTON!



IT WAS A HARD END, EVEN FOR THE LIKES OF HIM!



HOW COULD WE HAVE KNOWN THEN AND THERE THAT CAPTAIN FENTON HAD NOT GONE TO A WATERY GRAVE...

I'M A STRONG SWIMMER! I'D BE A FOOL TO STAY WITH THE CREW AND HAVE THEM AS MILLSTONES AROUND MY NECK!



THERE'S AN ISLAND NEARBY! I'LL MAKE FOR IT!

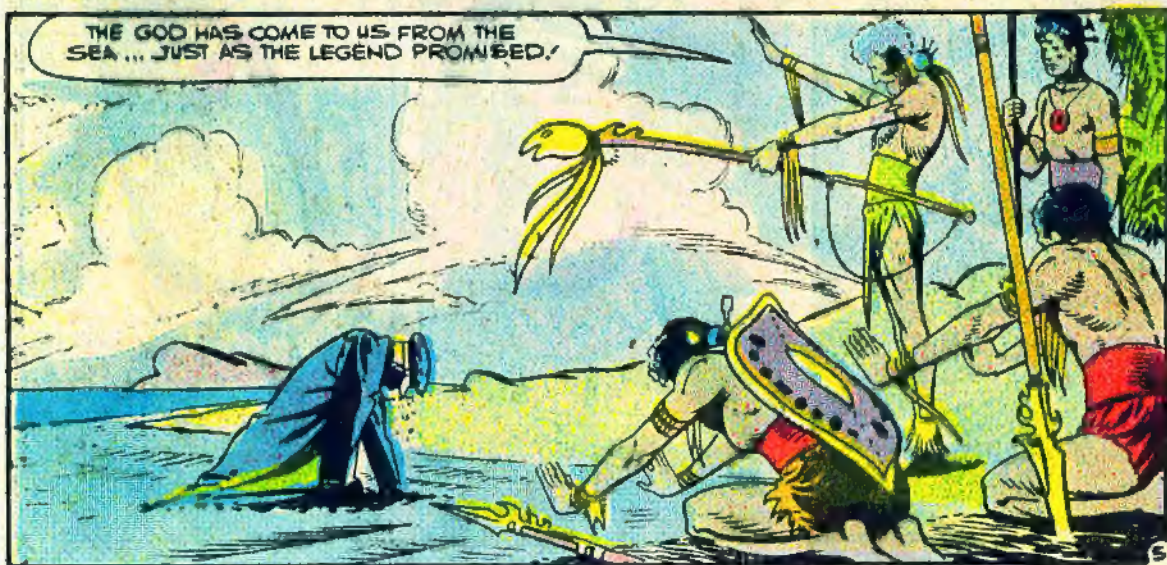


IT WAS LATER THAT WE HEARD THE STRANGE FATE OF CAPTAIN FENTON! THE NATIVES THEMSELVES TOLD US HOW THEY FIRST SAW HIM BOBBING IN THE SURF...

THE LEGEND HAS COME TRUE!



THE GOD HAS COME TO US FROM THE SEA... JUST AS THE LEGEND PROMISED!





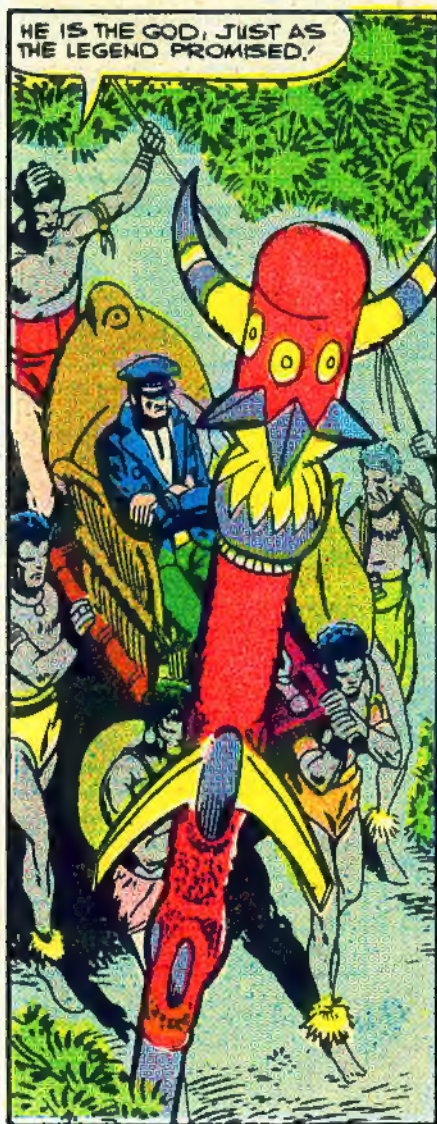
YOU ARE WRONG!
THE LEGEND SAYS
HE WILL COME ONLY
WHEN THERE ARE
TROUBLED TIMES!
BUT WE ARE AT
PEACE NOW... WE
HAVE MUCH
WEALTH!



YOU
ARE
WRONG!

WHO ARE YOU TO TELL
US OF THE LEGEND?
YOU HAVE NEVER
BELIEVED IT!

HE CAME TO
US FROM
THE SEA...



HE IS THE GOD, JUST AS
THE LEGEND PROMISED!

AND SO NOW,
WHILE WE
WERE DRIFTING
ABOUT
HELPLESSLY
ON THE SEA,
OUR SKIPPER
WAS BETTER
OFF THAN
EVER! NOW
HE HAD A
WHOLE ISLAND
TO RULE WITH
IRON HAND...



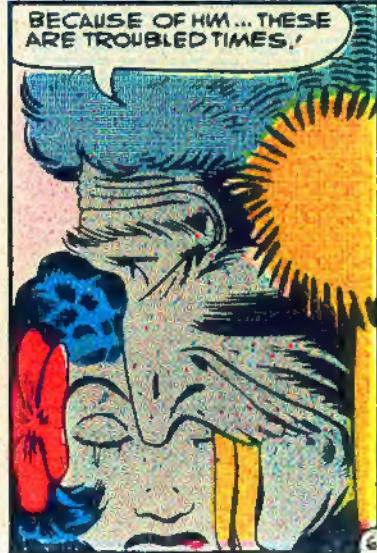
FASTER! WORK
THOSE FIELDS
FASTER!

AND BEFORE LONG...



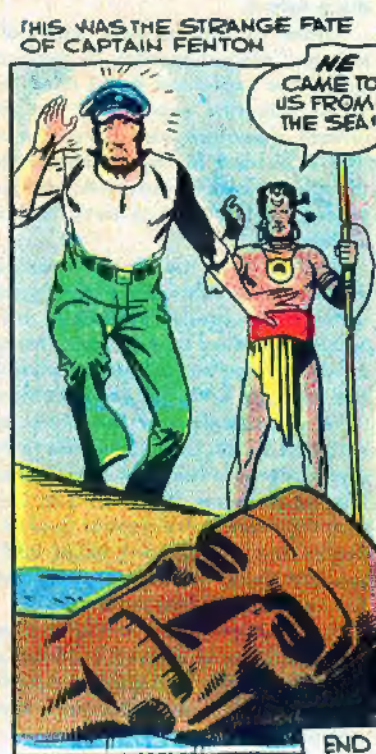
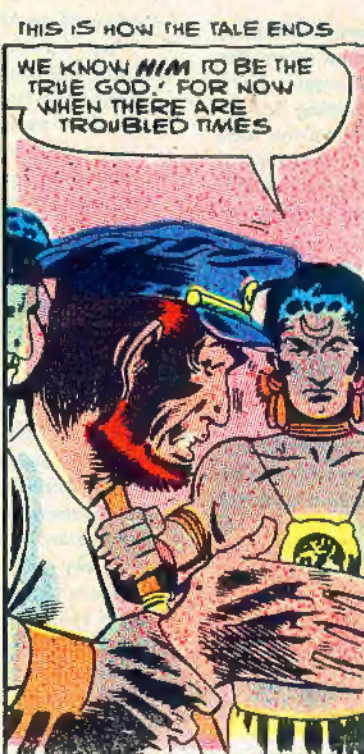
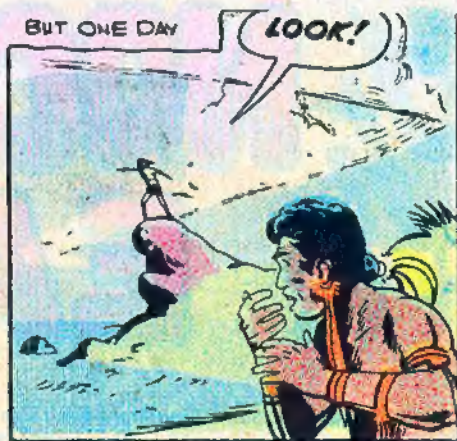
THE ONE WHO
CAME TO US
FROM THE
SEA, IS
CRUEL!

HE HAS
BROUGHT
ONLY UN-
HAPPINESS
TO OUR
ISLAND!



BECAUSE OF HIM... THESE
ARE TROUBLED TIMES!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



The NOCTURNAL EAGLE

"I don't like this, Senor Smalley! I don't like it at all! If I didn't need the money, I would not agree to do it," grumbled Pedro Ortiz as he prepared to descend the sheer cliff in order to reach the eagle's nest.

Ortiz knotted the rope tied around his waist and tugged on it several times to test the knot. It was fast and secure.

Next, he checked the horizon and the clear blue sky above for signs of the mother eagle. The large, majestic bird of prey was absent from the airways and it was reasonably safe to descend to her nest below — which held three, screeching, hungry, young eagles.

"The authorities will be on my back for the rest of my life if they ever learn of this. Eagles are an endangered species and protected by law," explained Pedro as he approached the edge of the sheer cliff. His eyes scanned the horizon for signs of the mother eagle one, final time before descending. Tampering with an eagle's brood was risky business. An enraged, full-grown eagle could tear out a man's throat with its sharp talons.

"Think of this as your personal contribution to science," replied Smalley as Pedro started down the cliff. "I've explained that I need those eagles for a secret, scientific experiment! I'm conducting in my private, mountain laboratory. You collected the bats that I needed for specimens without any second thoughts. It was an easy task, and I paid you well. I'm paying you ten times as much for this job, so stop complaining!"

Smalley was the classic example of a brilliant, eccentric, research scientist who'd gone sour on society when his comrades scoffed at his pet project. Dr. Smalley believed that he could transplant the brain of a bat into another animal's skull and thereby endow the recipient with the donor's unique, radar ability.

To adequately test the bat's radar system, the recipient would have to be able to fly. Therefore, bats and birds were the most likely candidates for the exchange program. Which bird to use was a question that the doctor gave a great deal of thought to. Since eagles were intelligent, large and hearty, Smalley selected them. The eagles would receive the brains of the nocturnal, flying mammals.

The laws of nature and science seemed to negate any possibility of success, but Smalley persisted in his mad fantasy. He had worked out all of the likely difficulties to the minutest details. Now, it was time to test his diabolical theory.

"I've got them, Senor Doctor! They're testy, little devils, so be careful when you haul them up. They'll nip at you right through the burlap sack," hollered Pedro as he dangled in mid-air near the huge nest which was now empty.

Smalley hauled up his prized possessions. He was about to open the sack when he heard ominous, bone-chilling, screeching shrieks echoing out of the clouds. It was the mother eagle returning to her perch!

"Madre de Dios! Pull me up, Senor! Pull me up fast!" screamed Pedro who was only halfway up the slope. "Pull me up or that eagle will kill me! Please, pull me up!" he begged frantically.

Ortiz was of no further use to Smalley. The doctor had everything that he needed. Ortiz he didn't need. The South American guide was expendable. There was no reason for Smalley to linger at the nesting site.

He ran as the eagle swooped down out of the clouds. The agonizing, blood-curdling screams that he heard behind him caused him to halt momentarily, but he never turned around. The screaming stopped, and he continued on his way.

When he reached his secluded, isolated, mountain retreat, he blinded the young birds. They would no longer need to see. The operation would endow them with their own, internal radar!

Immediately, he prepared to operate. He'd already removed brains from dozens of bats and had kept the brain cells alive artificially. All was in readiness.

Smalley selected three brains at random and began the transplant.

One young eagle died on the operating table. The other two survived the initial shock of receiving alien brains in their skulls, but a week later a second bird succumbed to its fate and expired in its cage.

The third bird was remarkably strong! Weeks and then months passed. The eagle grew into young adulthood and was ready to be tested.

One evening, just as the full moon reached its zenith, Smalley released his blind, nocturnal eagle. The master of the heavens miraculously avoided every obstruction in its path, and sailed high up into the night sky. The experiment was a success!

Before Smalley could congratulate himself, the eagle swooped down on its ungodly creator. No one heard or answered the agonizing screams for help.

Yes, the experiment was a success, but Smalley had made one, fatal error. He'd given his nocturnal eagle the brain of a vampire bat!